

CLAWDEVIL.

[Bellevue.]

"Fallerton!" exclaimed the hermit, opening wide his eyes. "Why, I knew a village of that name; I was born there. I have been taken with queer fainting fits for a month past, and in the half dose and half wakefulness that kept me lying about while I was getting round, it was nothing but Fallerton church, with the tower smothered with ivy, out of which I had taken many a sparrow's egg and young jackdaw, that I had before my eyes. Harper's men down there by Barker's mill, and the hazel copse where we went nutting on Sunday afternoons, have risen up, one after another like pictures; and the funny thing is, I was always in the picture. A little chap in pinafore and leggings, just as I was when I went to school in the old thatched house near the churchyard. Fallerton! Ha! God help us!"

The old man's auditor had opened his eyes too on hearing this, for in the description he recognized the village from which his family derived its name. Fallerton of Fallerton you may hunt up for yourself in any good county history. The astonishment Julian felt, however, he did not exhibit. He smiled encouragingly for the old fellow had buried his face in his hands toward the conclusion of his remarks.

"Cheer up," he said; "you are weak just now. It will be to use your own word, 'right' presently. Now, then, you have my name, what's yours?"

"Well," was the hesitating reply, "I have had many names in my time, but I was pretty generally known as—, but stop; let me go back. Can you see you are a gentleman. I know these colonies well; the gentleman sometimes is as big a blackguard as the rest, but you can always see he is a gentleman born. If ever you go back to England, and should find yourself in Fallerton churchyard, stroll across the graves to the last yew tree; there's a headstone on the farther side of it, and this is what you'll read on it: 'Sacred to the memory of Barnaby Shipton.' Barnaby Shipton was my father."

"And your Christian name?" inquired Julian quickly.

"Ask any of the people in Fallerton who was the worst scapegrace ever known in those parts and they'll say it was Farmer Shipton's son Luke. That's me."

Here Julian rose from his stool, threw up his hands in amazement, and paced to and fro along the smooth floor.

"Oh! there's worse to come, Mr. Fallerton; so don't be shocked yet," proceeded the speaker, imagining that his hearer was horrified at the mere mention of his juvenile delinquencies.

But Julian, in the half-dozen turns he took in the chamber, had been taken captive by a host of thoughts that came in like a flood, and he scarcely noticed that Luke Shipton, as he now was confused, had, exhausted, turned his face, as before, to the wall. No system of shorthand writing has yet been discovered that can keep pace with the irresistible speed of human thoughts. There are times when soul and body are quivering with pulsations, and we live a long life in a few moments of time. Something like this Julian was experiencing now.

If that undiscovered system of shorthand had been invented for Julian, this would have been its transcription: "This poor fellow, as he says, has a history, and by some strange fatality I may fill up the earlier chapters. Luke Shipton? It is a strange coincidence. I am almost led to think the finger of Providence is here. Let me think. Yet there is not much thinking required, for often indeed have I heard my father speak of this self-same scapegrace, upon whom I fear Death has laid his stealthy grisly hand. Then this is Luke Shipton, the poacher, the prodigal, the rustic Don Juan, the dare-devil, the law-breaker, who was at last transported for what many said was the very trivial offense of knocking down a hare. And the villagers, I remember, talked of him and all his faults with a good deal of tenderness. It was always 'Poor Luke.' Ay, the Fallerton keeper would recount his exploits until Luke Shipton was somewhat of a hero in our boyish fancy. I have heard the women call to mind his handsome figure, tawny skin, and raven hair; and the men—I have heard them at harvest time, resting in the midday heat over their bread and cheese and cider flacons, remind each other of his pluck and good nature. At dinner, sometimes, people in our own condition would 'sum him up as a wild fellow. That was the 'Squire's dining-room verdict, but out in the field, or in the barn, or on the rude elm benches under the chestnut tree by the 'Hare and Hounds,' they would always end their mention of him with 'Poor Luke.' And here is poor Luke thinking of the rural life whose peace he disturbed. Yet, hold! It occurs to me that one of the Justices who assisted in the committal of Luke Shipton was Fallerton, of Fallerton, Esquire. It was certainly so. I have heard my father defend the committal, which afterward weighed heavily on the magistrate's mind, by saying that Luke was transported, not so much for knocking down a hare and thrashing a keeper, as for a long line of misdeeds. And here lies 'Poor Luke!' I wonder how far he deserves the pity which has been handed down with the tradition of his faults."

"And what do you think was my last name, young gentleman?" asked the man from his berth.

Julian shook his head, still in reverie.

"Well, it was Clawdevil."

"Clawdevil?"

"Right! Clawdevil, the bushranger. You must be a stranger to Australia if you haven't heard of him; and heard a good deal more than is true, I'll be bound."

"I certainly don't remember hearing of Clawdevil," said Julian, "but I do remember a long description of the daring raids and escapes of a bushranger they called Claude Duval."

"Right!" was the ready answer, "That's me. One of the papers christened me

that way, and 'Clawdevil' ever and ever more."

A pause followed this admission, which was another surprise, and Julian became thoughtful, looking slowly around at the firearms, tomahawk and knife.

"Don't fear, Mr. Fallerton," he said, interrupting the other's thoughts; "bushranger once in self-defense, bushranger no longer. Clawdevil is only a poor old hunter now, who has tried these ten years to keep out of sight and out of the fight. Rather, I was a poor old hunter, but I'll hunt no more, except there really are those happy hunting-grounds the red Indians believe in."

"Oh, cheer up, Shipton," Julian said. "We will bring you round before you know where you are."

"Ay, sir, you may bring me round, but it'll be when you bear me through that passage to bury me in the sand of the lower cave."

"No, no. Have courage. While there's life there's hope. You know the saying."

"Know it! Yes, I know it, Mr. Fallerton, well. But I've been at death's door twenty times lately, ay—and three parts over the sill. But it's all up now. All up! That says everything. The game is played out."

Julian soon noticed that the old man was getting restless, and somewhat oblivious of his presence. He had asked for a pocket-book from a locker to which he motioned, and while Julian was rummaging for it, he began to talk to himself.

"So, then, it's coming at last. Yet the cave has been a happy sort of a home. Young Fallerton is the only human being but myself who has ever stepped into it. Seems to me that I must have been kept on purpose that I might see some one from the old home before I died. Fallerton's son, too! While he was gone this morning I was back in the village, near the old yew-tree again, and heard the passing knell, just as I heard it on that cloudy, windy day, when they laid her—, Well, well! God is good. Right."

"To be continued."

How They Do It in Arkansas. [Little Rock Gazette.]

There is now living in Morrilton, Conway County, this State, a woman who has been married fourteen times. She is now 65 years old, and matrimonially speaking, she has been remarkably successful. Her fourteenth husband is now living, but it is not known how soon he may drop off, and considering the epidemic that has raged among his predecessors, his position is one of extreme danger. In the hall of the house where the lady now lives there are thirteen pegs driven in the wall on which hang thirteen hats, labeled John, Tom, Abe, Bill and so on. The lady is well connected—in fact she is extensively connected. She has a great many relatives living in Conway County, and some of them are the leading men of that section.

The Highest Conceivable Compliment. [Providence Journal.]

It seems that Mr. Savage, the Boston Unitarian minister, had instructed his little girl very sensibly with the idea that a portion of God was perceptible in every thing that was noble and beautiful. The child, as children do, had got this idea very ingeniously fitted in her own mind ready for application at a moment's warning. One day as the door bell rang she presented herself in the hall just in season to receive one of Dr. Bartol's benignant smiles and to fully observe that gracious, benignant figure. Immediately she sped to her father with this exclamation: "Oh, papa! papa! The whole of God has come now!" Dr. Bartol, as well he might, declared that he had never been so flattered in his life.

The Form and Some Substance. [Portland Times.]

Just previous to the late unpleasantness a little miss in this city lost a pet canary, and her father had it stuffed and mounted for the parlor mantel. The little girl was pleased with the operation, as she said it saved the trouble of feeding, etc. Her father is an ardent Republican, and when the "troop of armed men" was announced at Augusta his mind was in a state of great excitement. One of the neighbors told the daughter that her father would go to Augusta and get killed. "Well, I don't care if he does," said the little miss, promptly; "I can have him stuffed just the same as my canary."

A Leadville barber by mistake got his bayram bottle filled with oxalic acid, and the first man to whose face he applied it jumped up and kicked over all the chairs, next the stove went wrong end up, the cups, towels, shears, razors, strops, hair oil, dye water and eau de Cologne jugs danced all about the room, and after things had been set in proper motion inside the shop both the barber and his customer went outside and said "murder." And the shaved man having by that time got his knife out, he had to be held by four men while the matter was investigated and explained.

Seth Green thinks that fish converse with one another. "How'd those trout of mine out there at the pond," he lately said, "know the difference between a plain, long stick and a regular fishing rod, as they do, if they didn't talk it over and compare notes? Why, they'll most break their heads bumping them together to get out of the way of a fish-pole, and you see I couldn't scare them at all with that stick to-day. They know the difference, too, between the man who carries a pail about dinner time and the man who don't. I can tell you."

"Is business good?" inquired a friend of an undertaker. "Business good?" he reiterated. "You bet; two in walnut two in rosewood and three on ice at this blessed moment."—[Scientific American.]

There is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious diseases, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves.

PERSONAL.

James Parton is lecturing in New England.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is 77, and enjoys good health.

Old Bull, the King of Fiddlers, was 71 years of age Tuesday.

W. H. Vanderbilt is in Florida with his wife and children.

Ben Butler has one eye on next year's gubernatorial nomination.

Ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, is for Grant. So is "Boss" Shepard.

Governor Gear, of Iowa, thinks his State ranks as No. 6 in importance in the Union.

Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, has sufficiently recovered to resume his episcopal duties.

King Alfonso has been shot at for two weeks, and begins to fear that things are going wrong in Spain.

Captain Carey, of Zulu fame, is at Malta, where his brother officers are very courteous toward him.

General Robert Toombs is to give the address this year before the Literary Societies of the University of Mississippi.

Peter Cooper was eighty-nine years of age a week ago, nine years older than his only brother, Wm. Cooper, who died Monday night.

Ex-Senator Conover, of Florida, is authority for the statement that he recently made a "respectable fortune" in a patent for coupling freight cars.

Judge S. H. Huntington, formerly of the United States Court of Claims, and the oldest member of the Hartford (Conn.) bar, died last Wednesday.

F. B. Names, one of the most prominent Irishmen in Canada, President of the St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, is to present the address of welcome of that city to Mr. Parnell.

Lord Beaconsfield's face is getting to be covered with puckers and wrinkles, but his hair is little changed from his youthful raven black. His health is said to be failing.

Herr Ritter, the Prussian Minister of Finance, has a considerable reputation in Germany as a musical critic, and the second edition of his "Life of Bach" has just appeared at Berlin.

Lord Beaconsfield as a host is amiable but not companionable. He seldom joins in conversation, sitting wrapped in his own thoughts, and if addressed replying with some mystic truism.

David Stuart, the noted merchant of Philadelphia and Liverpool, has just died in England in his seventy-third year. He was a man of strong character and excellent business talent.

Mr. Harris, formerly of Preston, England, has left that town \$1,250,000 for educational purposes, and \$500,000 to what is known as the Queen Anne's Bounty Fund for aiding poor clergy.

Mr. Montgomery Blair is reported by the Washington Star as saying that Mr. George Bancroft is even prouder of owning his new thoroughbred, which he rides daily, than of writing the history of the United States.

Clark Mills, the venerable sculptor, who now lives at Washington, offers Tennessee a counterpart of his \$30,000 equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, in front of the White House, for \$5,000, to be placed on the Capitol Grounds at Nashville.

Charles Jones, a third owner of a Leadville mine worth \$1,000,000, died without making a will. A lawyer, taking advantage of a small mortgage, got fraudulent possession of the property; but some miners discovered the scheme, and have found heirs in a poverty-stricken Vermont family.

Mr. Ruskin is quoted as saying: "You fancy you are sorry for the pain of others. Now I tell you just this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week."

Mr. James Knox Polk, namesake and grand-nephew of the late ex-President, has just been married at Nashville. Colonel Polk, the father of the bridegroom, is State Treasurer of Tennessee. The venerable widow of the ex-President is greatly attached to his nephew, and it is to him that her husband's estate will probably go, some day.

Dr. Gerhardt Rohlf, the eminent African traveler, has returned to Berlin from his last unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the center of the Dark Continent. A correspondent of the Globe says that Dr. Rohlf made a decided mistake in boastfully asserting beforehand that he would surpass Stanley and Cameron's brilliant achievements.

M. Isidor Henry de Chasse, the new Governor of Tahiti, has just passed in San Francisco on his way to his post. He is reported as saying that he is extremely anxious to promote commerce between Tahiti and the United States. What he wants especially is the establishment in Tahiti of a bank with American credits. He declares himself delighted and surprised with everything he has seen in America.

"M. Taine," says Land and Water, "is a free-thinker; when captivated by the charms of Mlle. Denuelle, he made her an offer of marriage; she accepted him on condition that the religious matrimonial ceremony should be faithfully carried out. The learned professor hesitated to act against his belief, but love conquered. They were married in a church, and in due time, to the disgust of his fellow free thinkers, their little daughter was baptized."

The Indian Chief, "Woman's Dress," [Deadwood Pioneer.]

The Indian brave, who has been making in Deadwood and the United States Court for the past few days, and who attracts so much attention wherever he goes, is a United States soldier, and took an active part in the pursuit of the fugitive Cheyennes a year ago. In the fight he had two horses shot under him and was himself wounded by a bullet, which

passed through the flesh of his breast and left arm. The officers advised him to go to the rear, but, although bleeding profusely, he stubbornly refused and fought to the end of the battle, slaughtering the Cheyennes like sheep when he once got among them.

He is a witness in the Provost case which comes before the court for trial to-day, and is altogether a fine specimen of his race. His costume consists of very wide leggings of finest blue mackinaw, with a broad fringe of white fur up the legs and trimmed with gold lace, beads and green cloth; over this a capacious mantle of the same dark blue material bordered with white fur, gold lace and braiding of many-colored beads. On his feet he wears snow-white moccasins, embroidered with beads of a dozen hues, and a rimless beaver or otter skin cap covers his raven-black hair. Standing around upon the street he is a picturesque type of a strange people doomed to extinction.

Made a Mistake.

He came up a little late, says an exchange, stepped into the parlor, dropped into an easy chair with the careless grace of a young man who is accustomed to the programme. "By Jove," he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity of the sofa. "By Jove, I thought I was never going to see you alone again. Your mother never goes away from the house now-a-days, does she, Minnie?" "Well, not amazingly frequently," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away so much of the time now I have to stay in."

In the old hickory at the end of the house the moping owl complained to the moon which in its usual style, the katydids never sang more clearly, and the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will filled the night with poetry, but he didn't hear any of it, all the same. "And, by George," he said to a friend fifteen minutes later, "if I didn't leave my flat on the piano and my cane in the hall, I'm a goat. Think of 'em! Forget 'em! Strike me blind if I knew I had any clothes on at all. What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it, and mighty quick, too."

How a Duchess Steals Guests.

Rules in the Parisian for receiving your guests if you are a duchess, or think you are a duchess: Your servants in livery will introduce your guests from the ante chamber, calling out their names, and they on entering will make you bows and grimaces by the dozen. You also must go through your exercise. If the guest is a duke, stand straight up; if a baron, just bend a little the hinges of your knees; and as for a mere gentleman, any common week-day inclination of the head will do.

Your servants, too, must be drilled. Monsieur le Prince Gortschakoff! This must be pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, the doors of the saloon must be banged open, and the buzz of the saloon must cease for a while. The descending scale of dignity must be observed, down through the subordinate visitors, until you hear in a soft soprano, on G flat, just audible, Monsieur Guibouard. Then you will see squeezing through, the door a little ajar, a humble individual holding on to his claque hat by the tips of his fingers, while his knees encourage each other by sympathetic and involuntary meetings.

A Young Lady's Heart Misplaced. [Washington Post.]

A curious case of malposition of the heart was recently discovered by a physician of this city in a patient who was consulting him for some spinal trouble. The young lady is about 20 years old, of good form, handsome face and pleasing disposition. A careful study of the precise locality and form of the heart shows it to be transferred to the right side of the chest, and instead of the apex resting just below the breast, it strikes upward against the right collar-bone, near its outer third. In this case there must be a double curve to the large vessels of the heart and the base of the heart is downward. In other words, this heart is on the wrong side of the body, and is upside down. This unnatural condition of things does not give rise to any serious inconvenience, except when moving too quickly or going up stairs, the organ beats with painful violence against the collar-bone, where its motion is plainly visible.

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